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March 1910

THE CENTRE OF VISION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
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The Ballad of the Wild March Hare

A silent man and a mournful hound
Come out of the woods to-day,
And the wild March hare he dances with glee,
And the whole wide world is gay,
For it's the first of March and the law is on,
The law is on to-day.

No more to cringe with terror, pop-eyed,
When scurrying through the bush where the hunters hide,
With the eager clamor of the dogs in the rear,
And his heart thumping wildly as the hole is near. . . .
He can doze in peace on the warm side hill,
And wander in the swamp when the night is still,
And nibble the bark from the twigs, fresh cut,
And leap the path with the worn wheel rut,
And frisk in the open in the white moonlight,
And leave his fur in tufts of white,
On the briars that guard his stronghold tight,
For it's the first of March to-day!

SPRING

By W. L. Metcalf

COURTESY OF BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

CENTRE OF VISION

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"Arcady is a-bloom with roses for a love that has proven true in the market place."

The Value of Art Effort

Not long ago I was brought into the living-room of a shrewd man of affairs. It was hung round with Monets—dazzling, sparkling, sunny, misty Monets. My host offered me a cigar, lighted one himself, and sat down. The owner of these treasures then proceeded to dilate on the painter and his methods with an appreciation that was real. Never before had I been so convinced that art was a power outside the esoteric class with which I had too habitually associated it in my mind. Here was the artistic work of one of the boldest innovators in landscape art; of one who would have appealed only, I had supposed, to those who could follow with unblinking eyes his eagle glances into the blinding mysteries of light; without sentiment, as conventionally accepted—but stirring sentiment, as Nature does, by the blazing splendor of its truth. Still, whoever in the presence of the volume-weighted tide has been impressed by its fateful, slow, but overwhelming approach—whoever on clear, sunny days has seen this sea dash joyously on wind-swept rocks, catching color from the sky, the clouds, the very reflection of itself upon itself, and has felt in any of these phases of the natural world the emotion that is named sentiment, to them Monet could supply it, also; and he may not narrowly be charged with the lack of a quality which is his in a large measure. This emotion, this sentiment had touched my friend through Monet's art. This man of affairs seemed to draw wells of refreshment from the living sources of a full, strong, artistic temperament. Now, it is this refreshment of the human spirit that it is the province of art to supply. It is not alone for the pleasure of the eye that art exists, but for the

exaltation of the human mind. For is there not a joy in noting what effect Nature has had on the interpreter, and how he has chosen to explain her beauty to the world? Think what it is to trace the mental processes of a mind like that of Monet, to mark his wonderful selection, to become conscious of what he has chosen to omit that he may the more forcibly impress! To be capable of this is to enter into some of the pleasures that all good art affords—into some of its intellectual and imaginative enjoyments. It would be well if the public could be more fully convinced that by experimenting in impressionism, that, in vividly striking the eye in order to touch more potently the mind, Monet and others have been an influence for good. But we would also add that they have given rise to much effort which seems an abuse of their methods. It must be conceded, however, that Monet himself, who works from conviction, has done much for modern painting. We will endeavor, in a measure, to explain why this is so. I am not lauding this painter to the exclusion of other successful workers possessed of this new faculty of "seeing"—I am merely citing him as a disciple of "light," and as one of the most brilliant accessions to the ranks of those who have given to art a new and clarified manner of using pigment to express those aspects of Nature which until recent years have not been attained by means of color. And this reminds us that when phases of Nature are thus realized they touch the imagination, and in time become recognized as representing the natural aspect of the world by those who regarded its normal shape and color as something quite other than it is. To then go back and study what has passed for its natural appearance in the dark-brown transcripts of the early landscapists, and indeed of those of comparatively recent date, is to feel that scales have fallen from the eyes, and

that these earlier painters themselves saw "as in a glass darkly," while we now see "face to face." For it is undeniably true that the practice of painting in late years has stimulated the mere faculty of using the eyesight. A new and finer vision has been developed which has made it possible for painting to touch a wider range of emotions than it awakened in the past. This is of great importance, for it adds much to the value of all painted art.

We of the twentieth century have been, as I have said, in that bewildering situation which marks all transition times in the world of progressive thought when, in the practice of any cultivated art, the artist breaks away from old formulas and becomes experimental. This is a sign of life and progress; and as I have indicated in the case of a lay appreciator of Monet's works, there are those who are grateful for this new light. That this new vision, these aptitudes of the eye are becoming general, many remarks of true lovers of Nature prove. Naturally the painter should lead the way in this matter, as in his work he is obliged to deal with things of sight. Imitation is not his purpose, however, but interpretation. And I do not know how to more forcibly emphasize this truth than by quoting the thoughts of painters who have expressed themselves in words on art; for they occasionally give voice to the philosophy, so to say, of their work, and sometimes write upon their craft. How great artistic temperaments would interpret beyond the mere physical portrayal, how they would reach, if may be, into the mysteries of Nature at which her outside aspects hint, we become convinced when we note their comments respecting the way in which Nature impresses them.

Their emotions toward Nature have been so strong that their language, their method of painting has formed itself through very need of utterance. The apparently uncouth,

clumsy touch of Millet does not come from lack of skill, but rather from the very urgency of his desire to give to his profound sentiment toward toiling, rustic humanity in the fields a graphic presentation that will reveal it with power. No cocksure technique of a Bouguereau or a Chartran would move the beholder to reflect on the benighted destiny of these human beasts of burden. Millet's drawing is powerful, significant, and true; while for competency of brushwork one has only to refer to some of the really brilliant nudes to the painting of which, for a livelihood, he was obliged to resort in the early part of his career. He was great enough to sacrifice his skill to his chosen work at a later time.

Breton, with a less burdensome message to deliver, was still so alive to the splendors of the open air that he may almost be regarded as heralding the movement of the impressionists. It was in the early fifties, I think, that he gave us that sunny "Blessing of the Cornfields," a canvas palpitating with light and air. Let us turn to what these men have to say.

Jean Francois Millet, in speaking of what he had been painting—a shepherd in the fold at night, a weird moonlight effect—said: "Oh, how I wish I could make those who see my work feel the splendors and terrors of the night! One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences and murmurings of the air. They should feel the infinite." Jules Breton: "What is the sky to me if it does not give me the idea of infinity?" "Looking at a twilight scene, it matters little that my eye should receive the impression of the view, if my spirit does not at once experience a feeling of repose, of tranquillity, and of peace. The spirit of a subject should take precedence of the letter. Force, elegance, majesty, sweetness, splendor, grace, naïveté, abundance, simplicity, richness, humility—some one of these qualities, according to the genius of the painter

and the nature of the subject, should strike the beholder, in every work, before he has had time to take in the details of the scene represented. These are the æsthetic virtues." And he goes on to say: "Just as many beauties as there are, just so many defects are there which assume the appearance of the former, and, misleading the public, give rise to ephemeral fashion. At the side of beauty is prettiness; of grace and elegance, affectation; of naïveté, silliness; of force, heaviness; of majesty, pomp; of softness, insipidity; of abundance, prodigality; of splendor, tawdriness; of simplicity, poverty." These substitutes are so obvious that one can hardly realize their acceptance as alternatives of finer things—but the public mind is not yet so sensitive to truth that it immediately detects false or inadequate definition. It is not critical. Some one has said: "All beauty in the long run is only fineness of truth."

It may be asked by what means do Millet, Breton, and others convey the sense of "the splendors of the night" and "the idea of infinity" in the sky.

Only such results are reached by rare characters, who, through the strength of their impressions received from Nature, beget a power of expression that is theirs alone. It is by deep thought, and a willingness to eliminate anything that distracts the mind of the beholder from the essence of the scene—even to the suppression of their natural skill, which, if permitted free play, would be likely to attract admiration to itself, that they finally reach this consummate power.

"Be careful not to show your skill before your work," Millet also says.

Large natures, great men only are capable of this, and it is because they are of this quality that their emotions are communicated to and touch others. Now the art effort is of worth as it makes us fastidious in matters of taste, so that at sight of

anything false certain emotions will sound the alarm; for art is a language, and when we so understand it we shall start at untruthful statements and begin to question. We will no longer accept prettiness for beauty, nor affectation for grace. These may be as reasonably challenged as verbal misstatements, which seem always to be regarded as a legitimate field for controversy.

And this is a point we would wish to make—that the value of art is not confined to technical production merely. Its true worth lies in the fact that it so broadens the mind, so corrects and chastens the taste, that the mental attitude, through its influence, becomes elevated, and no room is left for narrow interests and sordid concerns—for these are warped and ugly things, and find no asylum in the minds of those to whom beauty is real and all else untrue. For those who are thus sensitive life opens free and spacious, and hints, intuitions awakened by Nature and interpreted by the artist, lead up to moments quick with insight, when one realizes that he is himself something larger and finer than he dreamed of being.—Frank Fowler.

I do not propose to write an ode to dejection, but to brag as lustily as Chanticleer in the morning, if only to wake people up.—Henry David Thoreau.

Mr. Wendell's exhibition at the St. Botolph Club lasted from February 16 to 28. There were twenty-nine pictures hung, and they drew a good attendance, as all the exhibits at that gallery are wont to do. The canvases were very interesting as a whole, and "Rain" and "The Wall" were particularly well executed.

The last of February Mr. Boit was again represented at Doll and Richard's,—this time by a collection of water colors. They seemed colorless, dry, with a technicality of drawing that was not pleasing. He is more analytical than comprehensive. His oils, on exhibition a month or so ago, were far more agreeable, and seemed painted with more joyousness. After Mr. Boit came the joint show of Ross Turner and Everett L. Warner, and of course all M. N. A. S. students were interested therein. Mr. Turner's water colors occupied the entire right wall and half the central wall, and comprised landscapes, still-lifes, and some exquisite studies in detail of flowers. Mr. Warner's work was mostly done in oil, and included some very well made pictures. "Brooklyn Bridge in a Snowstorm," which won the Sesnan gold medal in 1908, was a canvas full of sincere and serious application. His light effects were really effective, and not in the least affected.

At Cobb's during March was held the twenty-first exhibition of the Boston Water Color Society. The standards of excellence varied a good deal. W. P. Burpee had a good group of winter scenes in pastel. They all looked as if he had mastered his medium so that it presented no technical awkwardness to him. In several pictures he showed the same brook winding through the same snow-draped meadows, but varying under different lights. C. Scott White had two pictures, one of which, "Late Afternoon in Middlesex Fells," was successful in its fleeting effect, evidently caught on the wing. Grouped together were several decorative panels by Charles Emil Heil that were really art-full. Flatly done in dull washes, they obtained an exquisite decorative quality,—especially the design of "Indian Pipe," "Lotus Pond," and "Gray Sea."

There has lately been at the alumni rooms an exhibition of the work of younger students and painters, which the editor much regrets having missed. Rosamond Coolidge exhibited, as did Howard Smith, a young man studying with Tarbell, and at the same time turning out some of the best magazine illustrating work of the present day,—and the magazine illustrations are steadily rising in excellence, too. As the field of this endeavor extends over greater areas year by year, so also is it gradually fenced in by higher and less easily attainable standards, so that the would-be reaper of the harvest must first prove his strength on the barrier interposed between him and the crop. Even within our memories, how magazine illustrating has "evoluted"! Whereas Addison stated of a certain class of readers of his day, that they "had a voracious appetite, but no taste," we may truthfully say that the modern magazine reader is possessed of a voracious appetite, but a steadily-improving taste,—in the art line, at any rate. After the above-mentioned exhibition Miss Amy Burbank showed a collection

of her pictures, mostly oils. Her best canvases were very good,—such as "The Pool at Sunset," a water color, and "A New England Pasture." It was one,—no true New Englander could fail to recognize it. Her early morning studies were attractive (poor, overworked word!).

Vose's Gallery has lately had on exhibition the paintings of Paul Dougherty. Mr. Dougherty is a young man, but one who has achieved remarkable success in his work. In nearly all of his pictures he sets forth the savagery of the sea and the sullen resistance of the cliffs. He is truthful and painstaking, and his work displays comprehensive unity. It has a "dramatic instinct" and a poetic quality that is the result of sincere interpretation. "Land and Sea," loaned by the Corcoran Gallery, possesses irresistible power over one's imagination. Its perspective is that embraced in the vision of a person crouched at the water's edge, by the foot of a perpendicular, high-reaching cliff. This choice of perspective is one of the instances of Mr. Dougherty's histrionic sense. "In Rush" and "Back Rush" have a very beautiful decorative effect, and an intricate simplicity. In "Night Fall" you can scarcely distinguish the deep pool within the dark, dim cliffs; overhead in the clearness of the evening sky is one star shining. The technique in this picture is rather different from that employed in most of the others,—another instance of Mr. Dougherty's facility of expression and delicate sense of suitability.

At the Copley during March there were hung a number of canvases by Mariquita Gill. Miss Gill produces a nice surface quality in her paintings, but her values are untrue, and her color apt to be over-vivid. You feel that winter blasts could never conquer her cheery greens. At the same time, in the outer room, Miss Lucy Conant had some water colors of the Austrian Tyrol and Upper Engadine. They were fresh and clever in

drawing, and very agreeable in effect, but they seemed rather formal and bore a "marked family resemblance" to one another. In the February Art Notes, published by the Copley Gallery, there are several paragraphs devoted to the discussion of that much-talked-of American exhibition to be held in Berlin and Munich. Art Notes puts the date as March and April, 1910, but I think there has lately been made a decision to postpone the show until 1911, when the German artists will hold a joint exhibition with their American brethren. However, it is interesting to read, in a connection like this, those scathing words written by Sydney Smith in 1820:—

"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? . . . Who drinks out of American glasses, or eats from American plates? . . . or sleeps in American blankets? . . ."

"Color Arrangements of Flowers," in the March Scribner's, is illustrated by photographs made on Lumière plates. The black and white photographs that are included give the light and shade effects much more truly than do the pictures made by the new process. These produce an unnatural impression of color values and a preponderance of local color that we are not prepared for. The frontispiece, "An Approach to the Garden," is the most successful. In the same magazine Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., has an article on "The Luxembourg and American Painting." It is illustrated by two photographs, one of the "Woman in Gray," by John Alexander, and the other of "February," by Edward W. Redfield. This last-named painting has been lately sold to the French government. It is one of the few American works of art thus honored that is not done in what Mr. Mather denominates as "the French, or essentially

cosmopolitan," style. The reproduction of this picture is very good.

Harper's for March contains a paper by Charles Caffin on "Jules Adler, Painter of Labor." Mr. Caffin compares this artist with others who have chosen the same subject, and reaches the conclusion that his pictures are akin most of all to those of Millet. The article is illustrated by eight sepia half-tones. Mr. Caffin says: "Adler notes the picturesqueness of the working class, but has discovered its humanity; he feels the shadow upon the lives of the people, but allows also for the lights, and while relating both to the local environment, interprets them in their relation to the universal scheme. In his point of view he is more truly objective than either of the painters I have named (Raffaelli and Beraud), and at the same time interprets more fully the picturesqueness and more truthfully the sentiment. For he has lived among the people he depicts . . . He loves them; but neither with sentimentality nor any loss of his own sense of values. His intimacy with them, in fact, has not drawn him off into personal entanglements of feeling, but has induced a philosophic outlook, no less sane and broad than sympathetic. After the example of Millet he views human work as part of the diurnal labor of the world, by no means the burden of a curse, nor altogether the source of blessing, but as man's share in the problem of the destiny of the universe."

Katharine M. Sawin.

If This Were Faith

God, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff,
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask, nor hope, nor hire,
Nut in the husk,

Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death;
God, if this were faith?

Having felt thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Having seen thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of Thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands,
And stain with blood the sea;

If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night, and the sun,
And the lost battle run;
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good;
God, if that were enough?

If to feel in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fail, and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word, and a thing not seen with
the eyes;

With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough;
Lord, if that were enough?

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Old Age

And it is good for a man to love greatly another man. Especially it is good to love a young man, for my eyes are not the eyes of youth. I know this for the reason that as I would sit of past winter evenings before my driftwood fire and dream of the years that are gone, sometimes I'd suddenly discover that my gaze had left the flickering blaze and was resting ominously in the gray ashes beneath the andirons. It used to be that somewhat quietly I'd go back to the light and begin the dream once more, only to be startled again by the lifeless ashes of the burned-out logs. After a while, though, the ashes became more beautiful than the fire. They were not eating away the remains of another life, but, rather, were the aftermath of a goodly oak. Then they didn't hurt my eyes like the brighter lights above, and the few red coals scattered among them reminded me that, after all, ashes do not always mean death. So now they were my white-haired old age, smiling peacefully and lovingly from the one-time hot and passionate youth. There is a consolation in them to me, in that they once burned. They once lived! Once they made the flame, and they have earned the right to be ashes. They are a great deal more completely beautiful than the black, charred ends of the logs that went out. Ashes are the emblem of life well used. The thing to remember is that there could not have been ashes if it hadn't been for the fire.—From "Back to Arcady."

"'And if any one came to see us we didn't like,' I joined in, catching on to the points of the idea, 'we'd hit him on the head with the hatchet till he dropped down dead.'

"'And then,' said Harold, warming up, 'we'd drag him into the cave and skin him!'

"For a space we gloated silently over the fair scene our imaginations had conjured up. It was blood we felt the need of just then. We wanted no luxuries, nothing dear-bought nor far-fetched. Just plain blood, and nothing else, and plenty of it."

I feel a strange sympathy with this point of view somehow, and would be only too glad to vent my rage in physical violence, were it not that a sweeter revenge lies ready to my hand. Besides, I have discovered lately, as the Sophomore girls could tell you, that my strength of muscle isn't so "much of a muchness" anyway. Therefore, undaunted, I resort to words. There have been two pieces of work completed lately by members of the Junior class that have come in for rather unusual comment. If you visit other studios at recess—you know which ones they are. Far be it from me to give an out-and-out opinion on either of them. I'm not brave enough, and that's what I wanted to talk about. We hear a lot, in one way and another, about the student spirit and about students

helping one another in their work by friendly criticism. We hear how every one rejoices together when one receives a favorable criticism from the teacher, and how each one has a word of comfort and encouragement when the other is down and discouraged.

A truly noble and highly colored version of the art student attitude, but one entirely manufactured by the fertile brain of some forgotten idealist. The facts are quite different. Examine yourself honestly, and you'll see. That's the way I found out. That and observation. Of course it is probable that I see everything through the veil of my own iniquities, and if this is so, I'll be glad to know it. Just at present there seems to be mostly a mere veneer of good feeling perilously near the cracking point at all times. If we learn anything beneficial outside, we hoard it carefully lest some one should find it out and get ahead of us. If we receive an adverse criticism from a student we usually stick out our tongue behind his back and say: "Mean old thing! He never did like me." If we can't find anything worse to say, we resort to theory and remark that "there's no thought behind it." A curious criticism for a careful, accurate, two-weeks' study. Altogether, a very joyful and pleasant atmosphere, highly conducive to excellent work. But one thing I will say: The boys are every bit as bad as the girls, though they'll never admit it in a hundred years. In fact, it's humanity that's all skewgee, and the world has gone flat, stale, and profitless. They say even that the same identical feeling prevails with the grown-ups,—in the men who have left school and can really paint,—and if this is so, it must be in the air. I'm sure it's not in the paint. So I've determined to migrate when the time comes—out—off—somewhere where the air is at least clean, and I can splash the paint about in any fashion I like without spattering anybody's theories.

Being young and sentimental at times, my soul delights rather in the form of poetry described by some as "squshy." I have even gone so far as to mark some of the tenderer passages in certain "Sonnets from the Portuguese," of which you may have heard. I can hear the sentimental portion of my readers sigh softly at the words, while the rest snicker scornfully—well,—and I relate this experience for your good—one day, not long since, I found the Lamp-post chortling joyfully over a small red volume which he carried about jealously guarded, and it was not till lately that I realized with horror that it was this same marked copy of the sonnets that was responsible for his glee. Now, the Lamp-post is not sentimental. He doesn't like poetry even of the most ethical tone, and in popular parlance the book was "nuts" to him. My cheeks have hardly recovered their natural hue since I came upon him exclaiming, with mock solemnity:—

"The face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul"—

And then, sadly:—

"To live on, still in love, and yet in vain,
To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face."

Ending with a whoop of delight while I blushed and blushed, and blushed some more. The moral of all this is: Never mark a book—at least, not seriously; or, better still: Never be serious—in black and white—when young. You'll surely be sorry for it afterwards. And besides, the poor sonnets have suffered by being laughed at, and I'll never again attain that state of almost liquid appreciation that I once rejoiced in.

The CENTRE OF VISION, as you will probably hear in an-

other part of this number, is to give a play, "The Deacon's Second Wife," on May 5. As I write this, our plans are yet young, but still old enough for us to see that its preparation will not be an absolute unqualified lark, and for the mistakes, the blunders, the mismanagement already performed, we are repenting sincerely this very minute with fasting and prayer. Our consciences will be either sore and aching or else entirely obliterated by another month, and all we ask is your sympathy and encouragement—and, oh, yes! I nearly forgot, the price of a ticket.

Frances Downes.

Sunrise in the City

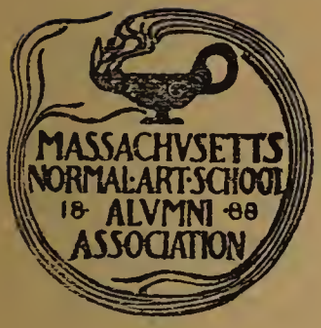
The pale light lifts in the glowing east,
  Bathing the world in a misty sheen;
Morning is spreading her bounteous feast
  Mid the lilting chorus of birds unseen.

Huge buildings loom in the hazy dawn,
  Like petrified monsters, many-eyed;
A tram awakens the echoes long-drawn,
  That emptily rocket from side to side.

Footsteps sound through the empty street,
  Reluctant the city is coming to life;
The toilers are passing with dragging feet
  To another day of bread-winning strife.

Soon will the tides of life flow on,
  To meet and pass in the city's heart,
For morn is here and night is gone,
  And each must go to his little part.

Morley D. Cameron.



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To the alumni: Here are three institutions,—the alumni, the school, and the CENTRE OF VISION. The alumni depends upon the school for its future life. The CENTRE OF VISION has the ear of the school. Why not let it bring the two together?—Ed.

A special student's ticket has been issued by the Alumni Association which does not give full privileges of the association, but does give the privilege of attending all meetings, not of a business nature, held under the supervision of the board of managers. This gives the students the benefits of the alumni rooms. The ticket, which may be had upon payment of $1, does not hold good after the student has graduated.

At a recent meeting of the alumni it was voted to allow the students of the Normal Art School the use of the gallery free for one week some time next fall, for a student exhibition.

The lack of discrimination in the young is at times annoying. So, also, is the dogged persistence with which they choose the wrong thing at the wrong time, and then glory in their ignorance. Let me not become unnecessarily bitter. The lack of numbers at the Alumni Costume Party was a cause for sorrow only in that those who were absent missed an evening of absolute, unqualified fun. The other costume parties during the winter—the Artists' Festival and Twelfth Night Revels, the Museum Costume Party, and the Junior Dance—undoubtedly drew from the Alumni Party. We were well-nigh satiated with this particular sort of dance when Washington's Birthday came around, and, in addition, a hard snowstorm kept many away. About seventy-five were present, and we can assure all you proud and haughty maids who stayed away that they were the elitest of the elite. We shall not soon forget Mr. Bartlett, as, in flowing silvery wig and judge's gown, he paced proudly and persistently, throughout the grand march, on the wrong side of his lady—alone and unconscious in his glory. And as for the fixed and glassy stare in the eye of Samuel E. Brown as he painfully bent and unbent in the—to him, apparently—bewildering mazes of the minuet, it froze me—it fascinated me—I watched him with horror and suspense, and breathed a sigh of relief as he finally departed in safety. The minuet was arranged by Miss Stevens, of the Design Class, and, according to report, it was "simply lovely." Whether it was "simply" lovely to us who were in it or not is wholly beside the point. Miss Woodbury was "Art, the dearest friend of man," as she told Father Time, who was Billy Packard. However that may be, she was "dreadful tunnin'," as one besmitten youth told her to her face, much to her indignation. She spoke her lines, introducing the series of tableaux, very well. There were many distinguished alumni present, and the alumnae were

with one accord beautiful, charming, and gracious. The instructors were well represented, and Mrs. Wells again honored the school with her presence. Mr. George was particularly irresistible in black satin and ever so many snowy lace ruffles. The excellent entertainment was arranged by Mr. George, and to him and all the others who worked to make the party the success it undoubtedly was the school owes a hearty vote of thanks.

Christianity

"The kind of faith you have in God don't do Him jestice," she was saying. "It's sorter infernal—it's so mean and partial. Your God ain't nothing but a Paradise capitalist and aristocrat—the sort of one that fixes up a flower garden for Him and jest His saints to set in the middle of and sing and harp on their harp, while a right smart chance of the best folks sneak and snuffle around in the outer darkness forever because, like me, they had no chance to be good, and so went wrong before they knowed where they were going. Sometimes these last years since I had my vision of Him I've wanted to tell you preachers that the little ornamental divinity that you shout about ain't nothing but a figger of speech took from the heathens and made over by heathen Christians."

"Stop!" said William, lifting one of his thin, white hands and waving it imperatively at her. "You must not speak irreverently. I know you don't mean it, but——"

"Jest answer me this, sir—is your leg hurtin' any worse?"

"No," replied William, mollified.

"Not a mite?" she insisted.

"No, I am much easier of the pain."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to say this much more even if it strangles you: The word God stand for something in the hearts of men and women bigger'n a paradise gardener with a taste for music!"

"You don't put it fair, Sister Prout," said William, aggrieved.

"I can't put it in as fine language as Saint John, if that's what you mean."

"What is the nature of God as you see Him?"

We are made very queer by the soul, not nearly so much alike as we are in other respects. I saw now the same light pass over Sal's face that I had often seen in William's, yet they could not agree about their one Heavenly Father.

"The God I trust is the One that makes flowers like them bloom for sech as me," she began, pointing through the window at a rose; "that lets His rain fall in my garden same as He does in your'n; that never takes His spite out on me for bein' what I was, but jest made it hard for me and waited patient for me. He's the kind of God, sir, that can change a heart like mine from all the evil there is, and make it so I can think good thoughts and be kind, and enjoy His hills and hear the birds sing again, same as I used to pay attention to 'em when I was a little gal." She lowered her voice as if speaking of a mortal sorrow. "There were years and years, sir, when them little creatures were singin' all around me every day, but I couldn't hear 'em—my deeds were so evil. I don't reckon you know it—livin' the little you have—but sin affects you that way—takes away your hearin' for sweet sounds, your sight for what is lovely. But God, He jest kept on lettin' His birds sing to me, and the sun riz jest as fine above the hills behind my house. He didn't pick at me, nor put a sign on me same as folks did of my shame, as He could have done with a cloud or something over my house. You see, He'd fixed things from the foundations of the world so as they'd work out good, and not evil, for us every one, beca'se He knowed we'd all git tired and come home some time, the same as I've come. I don't know whether you ever found it out or not, but sinners git awful tired of sinnin'. God knows they just can't keep it up forever."
—From "A Circuit Rider's Wife."

Men have privileges that women might much more sensibly covet than suffrage, viz., sixteen pockets.

A goodly soul lent us a green leather-bound volume of Stevenson. It fell open to

> "Trees mounted, and trees drooped, and trees
> Groped upward in the gaps. . . .
> . . . By the multitude
> The rugged columns of the wood
> And bunches of the branches stood;
> Thick as a mob, deep as a sea,
> And silent as all eternity."

We hurriedly flipped a page, and found

> "Nodded and brooded, bloomed and dreamed,
> Unmeaning, undivined. It seemed
> No other art, no hope, they knew,
> Than clutch the earth and seek the blue——"

That was enough. We knew where there were trees, not labeled trees with fences around, but trees, real trees, un-

pruned trees, through whose lofty tops the winds had sighed for centuries; over and under and amongst which red and gray squirrels frisked and quarreled and snickered, and opened the pine cones for the seed that was hidden near the heart; where the hawk builded its nest, saddled on a limb high up against the sky; where the partridge roosted nights and skulked daytimes; trees that had more of altar and temple and shrine than has yet been raised of stone; trees that had all the frank silence of open comradeship; that were cool in summer, bitter cold in winter, purple and gold at sunset, and grand, silent, and worshipable at all times.

We wanted to see them with an intense longing that lasted all the way home on the train, that even the glimpse of the Blue Hills from the Neponset river bridge could not drown, nor the clink of hammers in the stone yards at Quincy, and the derrick poles of the granite quarries sticking up against the sky like the masts of ships beyond a hill, nor the thin white wafer of snow on the top of each fence post.

Well, we went to see them—and found bleeding stumps, rain-washed chips, broken, bruised limbs, and pile on pile of cordwood like tombstones in a graveyard. Here and there a sorrowful tree, unworthy of cutting, stood up above the ruins. The noble trunks—the bodies of the dead—had been carted to the sawmill. A solitary crow winged his way across the waste stretch. The place was like a raw, lingering sore on the face of the earth.

We knew what would happen. Nature would do her best—Nature always does her best—she would grow a scab on the wound; scrub oaks would spring up, birches, perhaps a beech or two, checkerberries would thrive around the stumps, the rabbit would nibble his fill from the fresh-cut birch twigs. But the wound would remain—a white, livid scar.

"The lost and the victorious cause,
The deadly battle, pitched in line,
Saw silent weapons cross and shine:
Silent defeat, silent assault,
A battle and a burial vault."

Behind the curtain the theatre was like a huge, airy, empty barn. Someone shouted up the iron stairs: "Ten minutes!" A small man in the middle of the stage looked up and made a sharp, sibilant sound with his lips; a dark object was lowered silently, and then another on the other side. Things began to move about; we seemed to be helplessly in the way; the electricians tested the red and blue and green slides of their lights nervously; girls began to come down the stairs and cluster about the wings; some one commanded silence sharply, and there came a sudden hush as the curtain went up. Some one was singing sweetly, and we could see through the wings the dark gray blobs of the faces of the people in the boxes. There was the click-click of the electrician's switches and then a thunderous clapping. The singing began again very sweetly.

And all the while a drunken scene-shifter, who had dropped a slide, was insistently demanding of an irate manager: "Why in hell should I get fired?"

The flash of blue wings the other morning brought us face to face with the fact that Spring was here. Somehow we always want to try to surprise Spring in her coming, but it is well-nigh useless. It is like trying to catch one's self going to sleep. Just about when you think you are going to do it you wake up and find it morning. And that's the way with Spring. It's mysterious—like something new-born—and Mother Na-

ture is very choice with her waking child. We always have a vague, restless longing to clutch her skirts and hold her back for a while, but if we do get a firm grasp we find that Spring has melted into merry-eyed, laughing Summer.

First of all a few facts. Each copy of this paper cost us nearly fifteen cents to print. We sell them to you for less than eight. Figure it out for yourself. Of course, there are our advertisers; if it wasn't for our advertisers, the CENTRE OF VISION would exist about as tangibly as did Adam's great-grandfather. And besides all this, we have a big looming shadow of debt behind us.

Therefore, in order to see our own way clear, and perhaps to let in a little sunlight on that shadow, the staff has decided to give a play, which same is more or less in progress, and will be given in Parker Memorial Hall on Thursday, May 5, at 2.30. The tickets are to be thirty-five cents, and there is to be a double row in front at fifty cents for the elite. Please buy a ticket and come. Every one of you, teachers, students, and alumni, will be pestered, hectored, coaxed, cajoled, teased, threatened, bullied, inveigled into purchasing a ticket, so please give in manfully.

"Of course you can't always pick out the real men at first glance, but if you only look close enough you will always find some sign, some sort of a brass railing down the front steps."

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